

He is a writer who is working on a novel. He is a musician and a member of the Arkansas Sympathy Youth Orchestra. He hopes to attend Northwestern University in Chicago, and I expect him to succeed wherever life takes him. I congratulate Clayton on his hard work and keen interests.

Keep it up, Clayton, and make Maumelle High School and your family proud.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO CONGRESS

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from New York (Mr. ROSE) for 5 minutes.

Mr. ROSE of New York. Mr. Speaker, this may be the last time I get to address this hallowed Chamber, and for that I am grateful for this opportunity.

I want to start by thanking my staff. It may come as a surprise to some of my colleagues, as well as the press, but I do have some flaws. My staff worked with me for 2 years—some of them even longer—and together we—not me, we—accomplished an extraordinary amount for the great people of southern Brooklyn and Staten Island.

As I leave to pursue new adventures, I want to depart, though, with a few words of optimism for our great country, as well as a warning.

We live in a tough time for truth, and it is causing faith in our government to corrode. There is not a person in this Chamber who thinks the American people trust us. There is not a person sitting here right now who thinks the American people believe in our government.

This didn't happen overnight. It was death by a thousand disappointments, a thousand scandals, and a thousand lives broken by politicians who mock a virus until it kills their neighbor; who carve us up into blue States and red States, yet have the nerve to question someone else's patriotism; who saw no problem whatsoever giving a trillion-dollar tax cut to Big Pharma and companies that are killing our planet, but then they clutch their pearls when we say we want to be there for poor people and when we say we want to be there for the most vulnerable.

During my few years in politics, I have seen how we can beat back this festering cynicism: when we fight like hell for what is right, especially for those who need us most, when we bring converts to our side by promoting truth where there is injustice, and by appealing to common sense and—God forbid—humanity.

I have seen constituents who thought their government was there only to screw them over; begin to hope that maybe that wasn't the case when we passed the Victim Compensation Fund; and when we cut through the red tape to finally begin the construction of the East Shore Seawall, the largest resiliency project in New York City history. I saw it when we reunited families torn apart by the racist Muslim

ban and when we secured millions to combat the opioid epidemic.

In retrospect, those were the good days.

Then there were days when it felt like our politics was absolutely irredeemable, when a peaceful march for justice in my community was used as a weapon to tell my constituents that it is impossible to believe that Black Lives Matter while also believing that the vast majority of police officers are heroes. Those marchers were called thugs and they were called rioters just for believing that peaceful protests could change this country. The public was told that their movement was dangerous and not something you should listen to but something you should be afraid of. Yet for those who saw it with their own eyes, the truth cut through all those smears.

I remember being outside of a supermarket. It was raining, and I was miserable. An off-duty police officer came up to talk to me. He assured me he was no Democrat, but he had been working that day of the march. He had been skeptical, but those young men and women changed his mind, and he was proud of them. That officer saw past the lies and past the differences others have used to divide us. He witnessed his fellow Americans in pain, and for him it changed everything. In typical Staten Island fashion, though, right after, he told me he wasn't going to vote for me and that I was going to lose for a thousand other reasons.

But conversations like that refreshed my memory and my faith that this country can one day live up to its promise. We can put the government back on the side of working people from New York City to Washington, D.C., and everywhere in between.

That is the America we know is possible: One where, in the face of unimaginable vitriol, we don't hate back; in the face of unimaginable adversity, we don't give up fighting until it doesn't matter what you look like and where you come from, but in this country you can accomplish your dreams—a safe America, a just America, our America.

In light of recent electoral results, some have begun to wonder if Democrats should soft-pedal the fight for equal justice, if they should take a step back from fighting for economic security or even just give up. I am here to say absolutely not. This cannot wait. Justice cannot wait. If you aren't willing to risk everything to build a better country, then you do not belong here in the first place.

Mr. Speaker, to close, representing Staten Island and south Brooklyn has been the honor of my life. On behalf of Leigh, Miles, and myself, I thank the people of the 11th Congressional District for this extraordinary privilege. I am not sure what life has in store for us, but I will be on the front lines making sure our city and our country live up to its promise.

May God bless my colleagues with the strength to do what is right, and may God bless this great country.

REMEMBERING CHAIRMAN BOB SMITH

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Oregon (Mr. WALDEN) for 5 minutes.

Mr. WALDEN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commemorate and honor the life and legacy of former Congressman Bob Smith. An Oregon native—born in Portland and raised in Burns—he had a deep understanding of what it meant to be an Oregonian and he knew the needs of the surrounding communities, especially the rural part of our State.

He went to Willamette University in Salem and received a degree in agriculture. He would go on to put that degree to work on his own ranch.

In 1960, Bob's career as a public servant began when he was elected to the Oregon House of Representatives. He served in the State house until 1972. He was speaker of the Oregon House during the 1969 and 1971 sessions.

I remember as a 13-year-old youngster going with my father, whom they were recruiting to run for the legislature, down to Salem to see Bob Smith and the speaker of the house. I was about this tall. I looked up, and here was this giant of a man. He was a giant of a man in Oregon politics, but a very kind soul.

He then served in the State senate from 1973 to 1982. When Oregon got its fifth congressional seat, he ran for that and was elected. He actually ran 31 different times for election and never lost a single one.

In the State house, Bob passed a number of pieces of legislation. He always stood up for farmers and ranchers in eastern Oregon and for lower taxes. He led the effort in the Congress to pass a balanced budget amendment. In the State senate, he actually helped pass the kicker law, which said when Oregon collects more tax revenue than anticipated, that goes back to the taxpayer. That went into the constitution eventually.

Bob went on to serve here, as I said, for 14 years, from 1983 to 1995, and then came back to chair the Agriculture Committee when he returned from 1997 to 1999.

I am joined here on the floor today by a colleague from Oklahoma (Mr. LUCAS), who served with Chairman Smith on the Agriculture Committee.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Oklahoma (Mr. LUCAS).

Mr. LUCAS. Mr. Speaker, I thank the gentleman for yielding. It is an honor to be here. Discussing my Agriculture Committee chairman and my colleague for 2½ years, Bob Smith, is truly an honor.

When I was sworn in, in a special election and I first surveyed this body, one of the faces I recognized was this huge figure of a man standing at the back brass rail. I can still almost see